The *Squire*'s Grief Crown'd with Comfort:

OR,

Nectar preferr'd before Scornfull Cynthia:

To the Tune of Let the Soldiers rejoyce. Licensed according to Order

ARe the Fates so unkind,
As to keep me confin'd,
Debarr'd of all Free——dom and Pleasure?
For the young Charming Saint,
Ne'er regards my Complaint,
But deny's me, deny's me the Fountain of Pleasure.

I'm catch'd in the Snare,
Of a Beauty so fair,
Whom all the whole World——ld will admire;
At her Feet when I bow,
Nor a Smile she'll allow,
But she leaves me, she leaves me, to burn with de-
(sire.

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When I tell her of Love,
That I prize none above
Fair Cynthia my A—— mozous Jewel;
She returns me her Frown,
Which do's quite ruin me down;
Oh! was ever, was ever a Creature so cruel!

When her Eyes I beheld,
With Raptures I swell'd
To gain her I a——s'd my endeabour;
But yet all was in vain,
I might sigh and complain.
She deny'd me, deny'd me the Blessing for ever.

Being clearly deny'd,
I in sorrow reply'd,
Whom Beauty a—— lone hath inherit,
As rejected at last,
This my Glory doth blast,
Oh! was ever was, ever young Lover so slighted?

Thus with sorrow oppress,
And deny'd of all rest,
I started when a——'er I my Slumber,
For my sorrows were many,
Then the Lambs on the Seas,
For I tell you, I tell you, they were out of number.

But at length I took Heart,
And betended the Part,
And with a good F——ce I can carry it,
And solemnly declare,
There's no Cynthia so fair,
As a Bottle, a Bottle of brilliant Claret.

This my Joys will restore;
I'll regard her no more,
Nor trouble my Head——bis about her;
For my Heart is at rest,
I can take more delight

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